

HALSEY ENTERPRISE

An independent—NOT neutral—news-paper, published every Thursday, by Wm. H. & A. A. WHEELER.

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THERE IS NO PEACE

The Oregonian summarizes: There is civil war in China.

Greeks are fighting Turks in Asia Minor.

Spain is fighting Moors in the Rif district of Morocco.

Irish fight Irish on the island which a poet has called "a little bit of heaven."

Hindus and Moslems riot in India.

The treaties entered into at Washington are already being treated as "scraps of paper."

Japan is building forts and increasing her armies in Siberia, in direct violation of her engagements at Washington.

David L. George, prime minister of England, says:

America could exercise an influence no other country could command. She could come here free and disentangled with the prestige which comes from her independent position she would come with the voice of peace.

When the nations met at Versailles the United States was held in such esteem by the other powers of the world that its representative in the supreme council was able to overcome the selfishness of others to the point that justice instead of might was recognized as the basis of international settlements.

AHEAD OF THE TIMES

The Associated Industries of Oregon, 702 Oregon building, Portland, is more than on time. It sends out an optimistic booster sheet of short items regarding Oregon industries for the use of the newspapers of the state.

Orders for woolen fabrics have been booked far ahead by the Brownsville woolen mills, which recently reopened after several years of idleness.

We note a few inaccuracies here: No orders have been booked for fabrics from the mills. They have not recently reopened.

About a week after the celebration was announced that two carloads of machinery had arrived at the mill and twelve loads more were on the way from Bandon.

We hesitate to use any of the other industrial items sent us by the associated industries, fearing that some prejudiced reader may think we prevaricate.

At the great celebration which testified Brownsville's joy at the

prospect that the mills may be opened by September next Mr. Bowman, who owns the property, said:

The woolen mill is nowhere near ready to be dedicated. In fact, we are just beginning to remodel the old buildings but I can assure you that, when they are finished, with new windows, new roofs, new floors, and several new buildings and all of them painted white, they will look quite different from what they do tonight.

EVERYTHING BY TURNS

Pete Beebe was indicted for the murder of two men. On his trial on one charge, fearing he would escape by the plea of insanity, the prosecution argued that he was sane.

Now, to furnish some more amusement at court, he is reindicted and is to be brought back for trial on the theory that he is sane.

Such is law and such are lawyers

The fool free seed clause was restored to the agricultural appropriation by the senate after its committee had cut it out. The vote in the senate was 30 to 31.

So many influential people are being sent to jails for endangering other people's lives by violating the traffic law that there is likely to be a movement for more comfortable jails.

President Harding has the sound sense to discountenance the "daylight saving" fad. Setting clocks wrong will not increase the amount of daylight a particle, and anyone who is not too lazy to get up early in the morning can do so just as well without pretending that 6 o'clock is 7.

The primary law is being opposed on the ground that the winning candidate is sometimes the choice of only a minority of the members of the party.

The prohibition party is the only one with more female than male voters, and the females are more than 2 to 1. That indicates what the popular vote will do with proposed constitutional amendments to make the prohibitory law more lax.

It is pleasing to read that Lenin had a bullet extracted from his body the other day because the news item also records that he has carried that bullet three years, showing that he got an installment on what was due him as long ago as that.

An exchange calls the shrinkage of railroad mileage in the past year a "curious fact." It is no more curious, with one auto to every two families, than was the shrinkage in stage-coach business when the railroads came.

WHERE YOUR TAXES GO

(by Edward G. Lowry) Copyright, Western Newspaper Union

INCOMPETENTS ARE KEPT

The annual turnover in the government service is something almost incredible. No business corporation, however strongly established, could long endure the heavy annual drain on its resources.

The resignations from the government service are chiefly from the supervisory and most highly paid positions and from the very lowest grades. The men at the top, if they have any initiative or ability or ambition to make a name for themselves, are offered private employment at double or treble or more what the government can pay them.

The civil service commission, through which the great bulk of government employees are brought into the service, is acutely aware of this condition.

During the war there was a lower rate of turnover in the mechanical forces than in outside establishments. The proposition of separations, however, is excessive in clerical, professional and technical positions, in which the rate of turnover sometimes amounts to a third of the force in a year.

The exigencies of the war required a great expansion of the clerical forces at Washington and elsewhere and this was accomplished by a labor turnover several times above normal.

Those familiar with the federal service at Washington know that the service is now hampered by the retention of incompetents whose removal is rendered difficult by influences which are incompatible with the efficiency of the service.

Among these incompetents, of course are the superannuated and the physically incapacitated. The bureau of efficiency estimated, before the passage of the superannuation retirement law, the number of employees in the civil service of the United States seventy years of age and over as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Number. Categories include Railway postal clerks, Rural letter carriers, City letter carriers, Post office clerks, Mechanics, General employees, Dist. Columbia, and General employees elsewhere.

The commissioner of pensions supplies the following compact statement of the age of the employees in the pension bureau:

Number in the classified civil service, 874; age of the oldest employee, eighty-eight; number over eighty years of age, 26; number between sixty-five and eighty, 266; based on age of sixty-five, number eligible for retirement, 292; percentage of employees eligible for retirement, 33.4; average age of all employees, July 1, 1919, fifty-eight.

One Linger is a formidable candidate for the state senate from Yamhill county. What would he do if he had two sound lungs?

Joseph Pennell, one of the greatest American illustrators, deprecates prohibition and says that drink inspires artists. Judging from the

work some of them produce we can believe him. Sometimes the inspiration does not stop short of delirium tremens.

Opinion Is Everything.

Consider that everything is opinion and opinion is in thy power. Take away, then, when thou chooseth, thy opinion, and like a mariner who has doubled the promontory, thou wilt find calm, everything stable, and a waveless bay.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

School Essays

(By Louise Robnett, English 4) I sit alone in the moonlight Gazing at the velvety sky. My thoughts stray from this earthly world, And soar up where the stars are curled.

I think of God and his love, And how he is waiting above For all who will accept of him, Obey his commands and do his work.

And my soul yearns for that coming time When I shall go to dwell with him on high.

(By Grace Kirk, English 4)

Mr. Hanley's New Fence: Pretty little Mrs. Osborne sat on the large, cool, vine-covered front porch of her home mending stockings. As she rocked aimlessly to and fro, she thought of Jamie who was always into mischief.

Just then she heard the click of the front gate. School had been dismissed and Jamie was here. He was coming up the flower-bordered path, whistling a tune.

Now won't I just fix that old man? He just thinks he can do anything. Well, I'll just show that poor old fellow. Won't he rave when he sees it? It will be about the biggest joke they ever had on him. Hal ha!

"Why, Jamie, dear, what under the sun are you talking about? Oh I just know that you are going to get into some kind of trouble. You don't realize how much I worry over you," said his poor mother.

"Ma, what do you want to worry about me for? Don't you think I am old 'nough to take care of myself? Why, I'm twelve years old and goin' on thirteen. Now ain't I a big boy?"

"Jamie, Jamie, when will you ever quit using that word ain't?" remonstrated Mrs. Osborne.

Well, I guess this is a free country," retorted her son. Jamie then left the porch, taking his bucket of paint with him, slammed the little gate and disappeared from sight. He then "made straight for" the house which belonged to Mr. Hanley.

"Ob, now, won't I just fix you? Next time you won't try to spank me; if you do, I'll just knock your old block clear off. Just you wait and see, you old prune."

By this time he was about ready to begin work. On the nice new white fence Jamie painted in large red staring letters:

Big Circus in Town, Boys All Animals Known There Bring Your Gal, Boys Admission 15c, 25c

"Ha! ha! Now won't he just storm around? I'll bet the roof on his old house blows off. Gee! but that sure is a good trick on the old man."

Trying to cover up all things by which he might be traced, Jamie departed in a very happy mood. Hadn't he completed his task? But he began to wonder what Mr. Hanley would do when he came home from work.

"Why, the best part is yet to come," thought Jamie. "Let's see; where can I hide? Let me think. There's the attic and it has a window. No, I don't like that very well. How many rooms are there in the house? Aw no, I don't want to be in the house! I want to get out behind that big tree in the yard and he won't find me there. Oh boy! that sure am a swell place. Now he don't come home until six o'clock, so I'll wait until after supper to hide there. I can hardly wait until he comes home."

Jamie had forgotten that this was Friday and that Mr. Hanley always got off an hour earlier on Friday than usual.

About 5:15 Mr. Hanley, a large, tall bachelor of about forty-five, who detested children, came slowly

down the road. He looked very

When he was about ready to open the gate, he glanced up and saw the advertisement. He was surprised that all he could say was, "Wal, I do declare!"

But his surprise soon wore off into anger. It made him so angry to think that anybody should play such a trick upon him, when he had never done any harm to anyone. He sat down on a box outside the yard to try to think it all out, and see if he could think of the guilty one.

It was about six by this time, so Jamie thought he had better hurry to his hiding place. He was running along—he believed in going early to avoid the rush—and when he got to the gate he nearly ran over Mr. Hanley, the dejected bachelor.

"Oh-er, I beg your pardon," stammered Jamie.

"Beg your pardon nothin'. I know you, you young rascal. What do you want, anyway?" roared Mr. Hanley.

Jamie stared at him for a moment, when suddenly an inspiration entered his much bewildered head. "Dad sent me down after your big pipe wrench," Jamie said in a very mannerly way. "May I have it, please?"

"By, sure, come right along," replied the now calm Mr. Hanley. "I wonder who was down here this afternoon. It sure does look funny."

"Oh, thank you very much for the wrench, Mr. Hanley," said Jamie taking it from him.

The "innocent" lad then departed, very happy to think that he had "pulled the wool" over his eyes" so easily.

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LOOK AFTER YOUR SOLE!

There was a man, his shoes were bad. He had no work, his face was sad. He found a job; the boss said: "No, I can't take you when you look so." The man then had his shoes resoled. His pants he pressed, he felt more bold. He hurried back the boss to see. And talked and smiled in different key. "Job's yours," quoth boss, with air sublime. "A smile and NEATNESS win each time."

Have 'em fixed at Jewett's

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FARMERS usually have an accumulation of articles no longer needed, or succeeded by better ones, which somebody would like to obtain. An advertisement the size of this, costing 25c, might find a buyer and convert what is now only trash into good CASH